

For. Yes Madam faire.
 Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
 Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
 Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.
 For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
 Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.
 O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
 A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.
 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
 And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
 Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,
 Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
 If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
 That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
 And out of question, so it is sometimes:
 Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
 When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
 We bend to that, the working of the hart.
 As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
 The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
 Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraignty
 Onely for praise sake, when they strue to be
 Lords ore their Lords?
 Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
 To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
 Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
 Lady?
 Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
 no heads.
 Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
 Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.
 Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
 And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
 One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
 Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickest here?
 Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?
 Clo. I haue a Letter from Monsieur Berowne,
 To one Lady Rosaline.
 Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
 Stand a fide good bearer.
 Boyet, you can carue,
 Breake vp this Capon.
 Boyet. I am bound to serue.
 This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
 It is writ to Iaquenetta.
 Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
 Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reade.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true
 that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art
 louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beaucious,
 truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-
 call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustre King
 Copetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-
 ger Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly say, *Ve-*
ni, vidi, vici: Which to annotharize in the vulgar, O
 base and obscure vulgar; *videlisset*, He came, See, and ou-
 uercome: hee came one; see, two; couercome three:
 Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the
 Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercome
 he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose
 side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side?
 the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose
 side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
 the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Beg-
 ger, for so witnesseth thy lowlineffe. Shall I command
 thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.
 Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
 change for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe
 mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
 thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
 euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
 Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
 Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
 And he from forrage will incline to play.
 But if thou strue (poore foule) what art thou then?
 Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
 Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
 euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
 Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it crewhile.
 Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
 A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
 To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
 Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clo. I told you, my Lord.
 Qu. To whom should'st thou giue it?
 Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?
 Clo. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,
 To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
 Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?
 Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I may continet of beautie.
 Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
 Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.

Finely put on.
 Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?
 Rosa. If we choofe by the hornes, your selfe come not
 neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and shee
 strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
 Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that
 was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as
 touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that
 was a woman when *Queene Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a
 little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
 Thou canst not hit it my good man.
 Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannot, another can. Exit.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did hit it.

Mar. A marke marucilous well shot, for they both
 did hit.

Boy. A marke, O marke but that marke: a marke saies
 my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeepe a must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit
 the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand
 is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the
 is in.

Mar. Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow
 foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her
 to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good
 Oule.

Clo. By my foule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
 Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete iests, most in conie vulgar wit,
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
 so fit.

Armarbor ath to the side, O a most dainty man.
 To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will
 sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,
 Ah heauens, it is most pateristicall nit.

Sowla, sowla. Exit.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testi-
 mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,
 ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in
 the eare of *Cela* the skie; the welken the heauen, and a-
 non falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the
 land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly M. Holofernes, the epythithes are
 sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but fir I assure
 ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a hand credo; 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of infi-
 mation, as it were in *via*, in way of explication *facere*: as
 it were replication, or rather ostentare, to shew as it were
 his inclination after his vnderstod, vnpolished, vneduca-
 ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe-
 rest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my hand credo
 for a Deare.

Dull. I said the Deare was not a hand credo, 'twas a
 Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *his costus*, O thou mon-
 ster ignorance, how deformed dost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are
 bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:
 He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not re-
 onely sensible in the d-
 are set before vs, that v-
 taste and feeling, are fo-
 vs more then hee.

For as it would ill beco-
 a foole;

So were there a patch
 Schoole.

But omne bene say I, bei-
 Many can brooke the v-

Dull. You two are l-
 wit, What was a month
 weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dismissa goo-
 Dull.

Dull. What is distim-
 Nath. A title to Ph-

Hol. The Moone w-
 no more.

And wrought not to fir-
 Th'allusion holds in the

Dull. 'Tis true indee-
 Exchange.

Hol. God comfort th-
 in the Exchange.

Dull. And I say the p-
 for the Moone is neuer

side that, 'twas a Pricke-

Hol. Sir Nathaniel,
 Epytaph on the death

the ignorant call'd the
 Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good-
 please you to abrogate

Hol. I will somethin-
 facilitie.

The prayfull Prince
 a prettie pleasur

Some say a Sore, b-
 till now made

The Dogges did y-
 then Sorell inu-

Or Pricket, fore, o-
 the people fall a

If Sore be fore, the-
 makes fiftie fore

Of one fore I an h-
 by adding but o

Nath. A rare talent

Dull. If a talent be a
 with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift

liff extrauagant spirit,

iects, Ideas, apprehensi-

are begot in the ventri-

wombe of primater, an

of occasion: but the gi-

acute, and I am thankf-

Hol. Sir, I praise the

parishioners, for their

and their Daughters pr-

are a good member of

Nath. No hercle, if